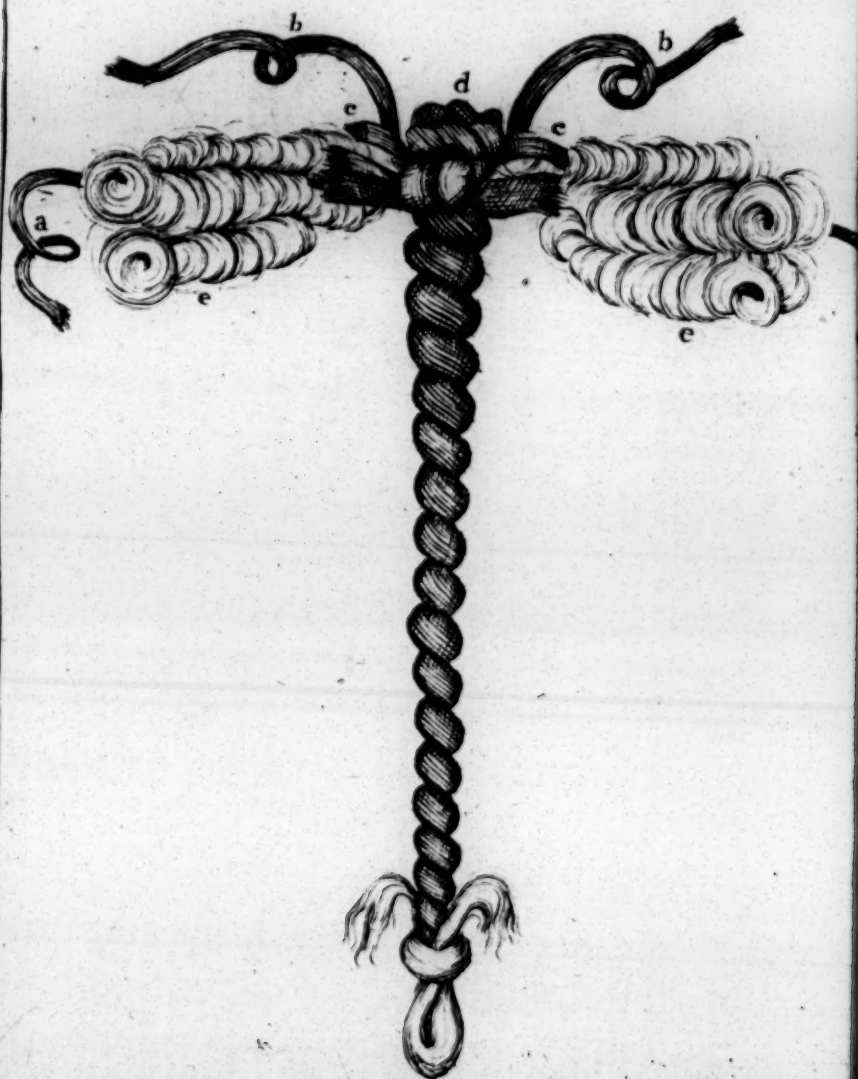


THE
BATTLE
OF THE
Flying Dragon
AND THE
Man of Heaton.



a a Represents a silken string that goes from the Locks round the fore part of the Head under the Hat.

b b The ends of the Ribband platted with the hair of the tail, and fastens it to the hair of the Head.

c c A thread that goes to y^e back of the Head to fix the Lock

d The end of the Tail which is ty'd to the hair of the Head by the Ribband b b. ee The Ear-locks.

1079 f. 7
2

THE
BATTLE
OF THE
Flying Dragon
AND THE
Man of Heaton.

Spectatum admissi risum teneatis?

Hor. Ars. Poet. ver. 5.



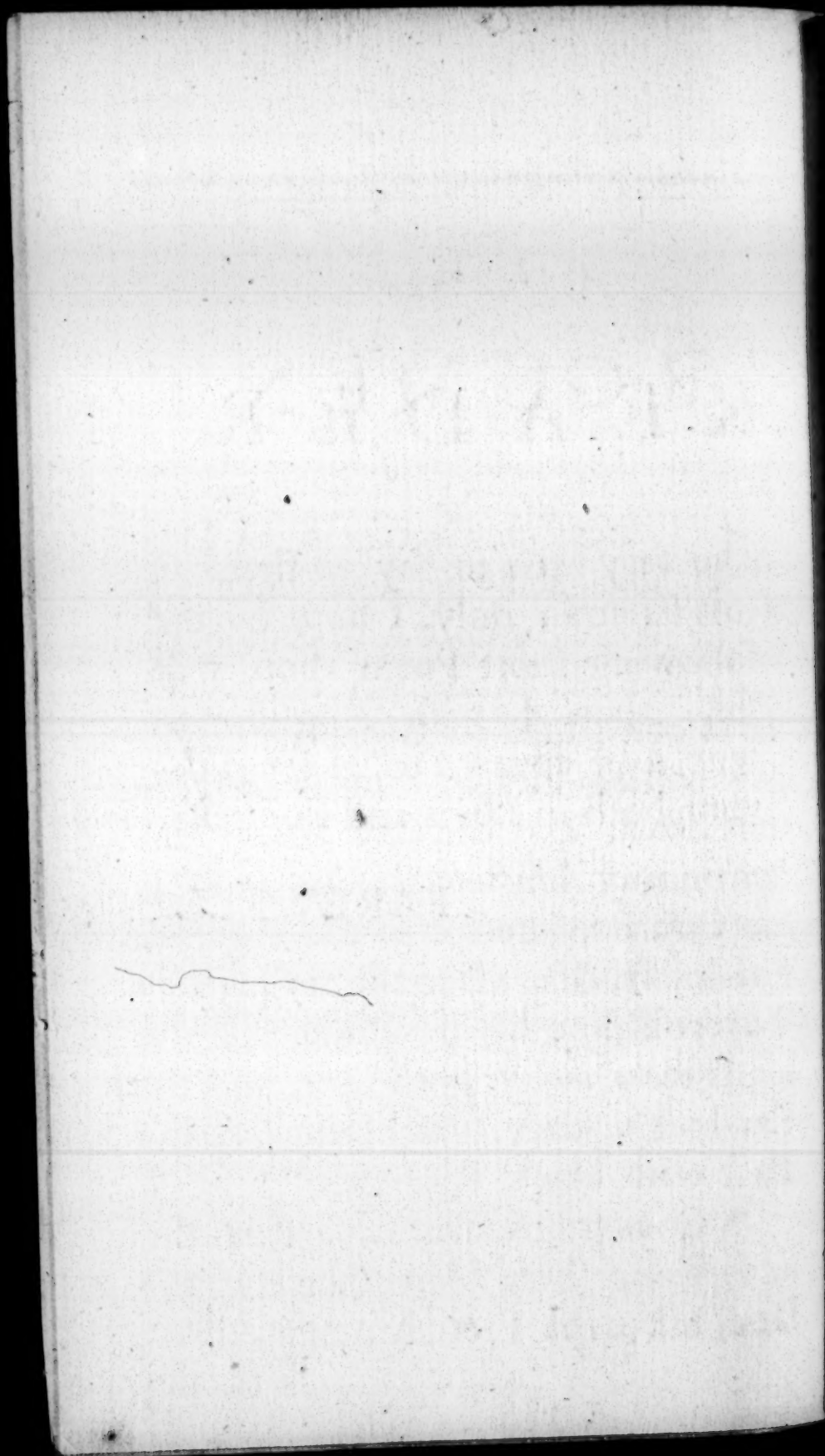
Printed for the Author *Tim Bobbin*, and Mr.
Haslingden, Bookseller in *Manchester*.



TO THE
READER.

I have very little to say to thee, O
my Friend ; only, I hope by the
following short Poem thou wilt
see, that I wish Englishmen
would be content to be English-
men, both in Dress and Politicks.

FAREWELL.



T H E

A R G U M E N T.

A Lancashire Beau being at London fell in love with the large Pig-tails and Ear-locks, and consequently brought the French Toys with him to Lancaster; business calling him to Sunderland, on that coast, and the day being uncommonly boisterous, he mounts his Courser, dress'd in the Pig tail, Ear-locks, &c. *à la mode de Fra.* The Toy roll'd on his shoulders till the blasts blew away both that, and the Ear-locks, they being fastned to the Tail with black Ribbons.

A Country man coming that way and seeing them blown about in the lane, takes the French medley for a Flying,

Flying-Dragon, and after mature deliberation resolved to kill it. This produced three Battles ; at the latter end of which (the wind ceasing, and the Pig-tail lying still) he thought he had manfully perform'd. Elated with the exploit, he twists his Stick in the Ear-locks, and carries all before him aloft in the air, as Boys commonly do Adders ; till meeting the Rector of Heysham, he was, with much ado convinced ; and then in great confusion sneak'd away ; leaving his Reverence in possession of the monster ; who still keeps it at Heysham, and often shews it with much diversion to his friends.



T H E

Flying Dragon

AND THE

Man of Heaton.

WHAT Man alive tho' e'er so wise,
With Spaniel's Nose, and Eagle's Eyes,
Can tell this hour, what th' next will fling
us,

Or whether joy, or sorrow bring us ;
That no dispute there needs of this,

The

The Man of Heaton witness is ;
 A man he was, and very stout,
 But whether quite so wise, some doubt,
 And as my muse dare not decide,
 The foll'wing facts must be our guide.
 So leaving him in doubtful mood,
 Let's hint at one more understood.

Our other Hero, for we've two,
 Hight Mijnheer Skyppo Vanderloo,
 Was late arriv'd from that fam'd City,
 Half French, half English-ah, what pity!
 Where Courtiers, Pensioners, and place-
 men,
 By frequent In's, and Outs, disgrace men:
 Where doughty Squires to Knights are
 vamp'd;
Where

Where half-thick Lords to Earls are
stamp'd,

Where all the arts of Jockey-ship
Are us'd, as at the Turf and Whip;
Where one throws out his dearest brother
And Statesmen Jostle one another ;
Who lay their megrim brains together
To make our feet find their own Leather ;

Our Eyes must see, sans sun or Candle,
And in the day mope--dingle dangle ;
Where Bribery's the chiefest Trade,
And Laws against our Interest made ;
Where Britain's fate is---hum---decided,
And all'mongst W---s, and R---s divided !
But stay ? shou'd I their actions paint

Our

Our heads wou'd ach; our hearts wou'd
faint;

So leaving them, and their grand squab-
ble,

My Muse of better things shall babble

This man I say was just come down,
From that French-pig-tail foppish Town,
As gay as Daw, in borrowed Plumes,
And all the airs of Fop assumes.

His Ramille secundum artem,
Was tofs'd up--, blefs me--, ah--ad fa-t-m!
His Earlocks too--! near Eyebrows plac'd
His Countenance genteelly grac'd,
A Pig-tail dangling to his A--e,
(O Truth, tis thou that shames my Verse)

Be'ing

Be'ing tagg'd with curious shining hair,
 In various colours did appear;
 With Powder dusted; smooth'd by Tonfure
 He look'd as grand as Monkey Monfure!

His Nag high-mettl'd shin'd like Raven,
 Both Sire and Dam, of blood in Craven:
 He mounted, hem'd---fill'd Cheeks, with
 wind;

Spur'd Nag--(who answer'd from behind)
 Away he flew---Now boisterous Boreas,
 Vex'd to see Man so vainly glorious,
 Resolv'd this Champion's pride to humble
 And make his furious Courser stumble,
 But finding soon this Scheme to fail,
 He aimed his force at the Pig-tail,

And whisk'd it round both back and
 shoulder,

Still he rode on--and still look'd bolder!

Boreas chagrin'd and gall'd with pain,

At Ear-locks blew, with might and
 main,

Not dreaming of their b'ing ally'd,

And to the Tail so closely ty'd.

All Skyppo's head attire so gay,

The blast had nearly blown away,

When Fortune raising ruff'd hand,

Kept Wig, and Beaver on their stand;

But Pig-tail with the Ear-locks new,

Away with Boreas waving flew,

Our Hero spruce ne'er miss'd the Toy,

But rode for Sunderland with Joy;

Thinking

Thinking to shew the fashion new;
Which sight wou'd make one laugh---or
spew.



P A R T II.

BUT who comes next---! The Man of
Heaton,

Whose very name old time hath eaten :
For Authors in this point do vary ;
Some call him *Roaf*, some *Will*, some *Harry*
But I incline for private reason
To call him *Oamfrey*, at this season ;
And sometimes *Noamph*, perhaps may fit,
As suits my Rhime, or helps my wit.

But on he comes ---; and Fame rehearles
His Nose, two feet, before his A--se is ;

A trusty

A trusty Knob-stick fill'd his hand
 And thought no power cou'd him with-
 stand.

When lo---! his lifted Eyes assail
 A long, black, thing; with Wings and tail
 The Wings quick moving with the wind;
 The Tail in curls, turn'd up behind:
 So *Oamfrew* stops his sauntering course,
 And unto musing had resourse.
 Then stamp'd his Knob-stick on the
 ground,

And crying in amaze profound,
 Ith neme o'Jesus, say--whot' art;
 That two black tungs sto meawth con-
 dart?

Whooas twist'd Body's like the Hurn-

B. 3.

O' that!

O'that fem'd becoft the Unicorn !

I fay, whot art ? Ith' neme o God--!

My ftick fhall---howd--I've heard a rod

Of Willow, will demolifh foon

The direft Snake below the Moon.

With that ftout *Noamp* his Thwittle

drew,

And on the edge three times he blew ;

Then from the Hedge, he in a crack,

Brings a tough Willow with him back ;

But whilft the leaves he from it ftrips,

Acrofs the Lane, the Dragon fhips !

Quoth he---I fee theaw'rt marching off,

Boh howd o bit---; this Willow tough

Shall, if ftrengh fail not, ftop thy flight ;

So





Tom. Bo. 4. mo. del. et sculp.

So strikes the Pig-tail with his might,
 And cry's out boh--! then quick returns ;
 Then gives a stroke--then backward runs,
 The monstrous Animal up flew,
 And *Oamfrey* starting, quick withdrew :
 His Eyes oth' stare; his face grew pale;
 With open mouth he view'd the Tail,
 Which briskly wanton'd in the wind ;
 Then swore---It's of the Dragon-kind !!

On deep reflection he grew tardy,
 And thought it sin to be fool-hardy.
 If I con seve meh sell, quoth he,
 Whot's Flying-Dragon's unto me ?
 There con no wisdom be I trow
 In feighting things we dun naw know ;

For

For should it chonce fly e meh fece
 I'm deco'd os Tripe--witheawt God's Grece
 So Oamfrey he the Wand threw down;
 Took up his Stick, and march'd for Town.

PART.



P A R T III.

TWO Roods he had not gone before,
 Ablast of wind the Monster bore,
 Within two Yards of Oamfrey's Stick,
 Which vex'd our Hero to the quick.
 Quo Noamp, be this I plenely see
 It mun be oather thee, or me :
 And sin 'tis so, I'll never run,
 Boh kill, or dee before eh done;

Then in a Passion from his hand,
 He threw his Stick and fetch'd the Wand;

And

And poor Pig-tail with Courage fresh;
 And all his might began to thresh;
 But still the Dragon kept the Field,
 Cock'd up his Tail, and scorn'd to yield.

This furious Combat by report,
 Did last till *Oamfrey's* Stick grew short;
 And a cessation, as Fame reckons,
 Continued, till he got fresh Weapons.
 But *Oamfrey* having luck to find,
 A Weapon to his murdering mind,
 Says softly thus unto himself,
 Theaw feights for Honour, not for Pelf;
 And if theaw gets this direfoo beawt,
 Thy Feme will bleze, on ne'er gooa out.

Then

Then hemming twice----spits on his
Hand,

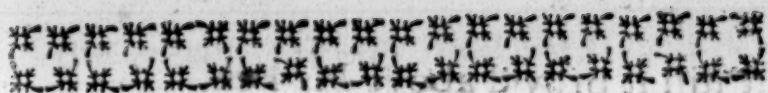
And snatches up the Magic Wand,
Resolv'd to do a feat to brag on,
So strikes with all his might, the Dragon:
And thus the Battle was renew'd,
And both sides to their Tackle flood.

Again fierce Oamfrey's Stick did dwindle
Into the length of common Spindle ;
But thinking now the Battle gain'd,
Because he with no Blood was stain'd ;
Resolv'd to fetch another switch,
To kill outright this Dragon-Witch.

Now while this third great Duel lasted,
Fierce Oamfrey's strength was almost wasted

The

The Dragon too, now wanting breath,
 Had symptoms of approaching death ;
 And ev'ry Member seem'd to fail ;
 He hardly stirring Wing or Tail ;
 For Boreas likewise tir'd at length
 Had quite exhausted all his strength,
 And all was hush----so Fortune gave
 The Field, and Battle to the brave !
 And Pig-tail lies as still as Stone,
 As tho' to live, it ne'er had known
 And thus the Dragon here was slain,
 Whilst Oamfrey lives, to Fight again.



P A R T IV.

O U R Hero's Courage none can
doubt ;

Nor love of Fame was he without,
For when this glorious Feat was done
And such a Victory fairly won,
Ambitious *Oamfrey* in a crack,
Put *Kersey Coat*, on sweating back ;
And then with cautious stare he view'd

G

The

The Dragon ; which he'd hack'd and
hew'd ;

But still it prov'd above his ken,
And as it might do, to wiser men.

Here *Oamfrey* musters up his senses,
And pride threw down all meek pre-
tences ;

So he resolv'd he'd boldly bear
In triumph, all the spoils of War.
With this intent his ample Foot, ;
Held down the Pig-tail, whilst he put
His stick within the frizzl'd Hair,
And thus before him did it bear.

Ten Furlongs he'd triumphing past,
 But met no mortal man or beast:
 When lo---! he met with Heart full glee-
 some,

The Rev'rend Rector, stil'd of Hey-
 sham.

The Parson star'd, whilst *Oamfrey* held
 The Dragon, which he'd lately kill'd:
 And after clearing up his Weasand,
 He query'd thus, to know the reason.

Why *Oamfrey*, man! what have you
 got

Upon your stick? That I know not.

Where did you find the Tawdry
Thing?

Tawdry---! quo, *Noamp*---! why, 't has
a Sing.

A Sting Man--! nay, no more than
you :

Byth' Mafs good Parfon that's naw
true :

Look at its Tungs--- ; its Sting's ith
Tele,

Or else I'm fure my fenses fail.

True---; quoth his Rev-rence, that may
be ;

And in that point we both agree :

But if my Eyes, like thine, don't fail :





It is, tho' large, a French pig-tail.

A Pigtele Pars'n ! That's good fun :

No moor thin Bacco-pipe's a Gun :

Why, 'twas alive ten Minutes since,

An that I'll swear, be King or
Prince ;

Nay, more thin that, it flew abeawt,

An that no Swine-tele, or his Sneawt

Cou'd ever doo, sin Noah's flood :

An this I will maintene for good.

The Recto'r laugh'd, and Noamp look'd

four,

For to convinçe he wanted pow'r :

Nor cou'd *Noamp* to his thoughts give
vent,

As anger cork'd up argument.

His Rev'rence then began again
To reason thus ? Why, look ye Man ;
This is Black Silk-; and this is Hair :
Feel---and believe----you need not stare.
Not stare ? Why Pars'n did naw
you

Affirm just neaw, o thing naw true :
Did naw yo sey it wur a Pig-tele,
Which 'tis no moor thin 'tis a Snig-
tele :

Why

Why Man ! but fo they call the
Thing ;

You fee't has neither Head nor Sting ;

These Ribbands are to tye it on,

As you shall see ; I'll do anon.

His Rev'rence then his Wig took off,

And *Noamp* began to hem and cough ;

His doubts he found to difappear,

And that he'd got wrong Sow by th'

Ear ;

For as the Parfon was adjusting,

Things grew the more, and more dif-
gusting,

But when he put o'er all his Wig ;

Then

" The D---l ta' yer Tele o' Pig--- !

" What sence is there e Tele so black,

" That's teed toth' Heed, an rows
o'th Back :

" If they'd ha 'Things weh netur jump,

" The Tele shou'd awlus ston o'th
Rump ;

" That Fok moot know oytech foolish
Brat :

" For Munkey greyt, or Meawntin Cat

" Boh Gawbies neaw gin Kerf'n nemes,

" To things, naw hardly fit for flames."

So Oamfrey grumbling budg'd away,

But neither bad good Night, or Day.

The Reclor laugh'd, and laugh'd again
 At *Oamfrey's* notions thro' the Scene,
 And took the Pig-tail with him home,
 For sport to friends in Time to come,
 And keeps it to this very Day
 At Heysham, as my Authors say.

F I N I S.

